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Blood

Similodon

Is that you that I hear?
Your footsteps on the ground above my head.
Your hands upon the headstone that bears my name.
You are a dweller in the night! Beware I bite!
On cloak as black as sin, I float, I fly.
In hunger burning bright, seeking prey.
Life is flowing deep within.
I send it bubbling fourth.
and then I drink it in again.
Another night, never day.
Away away, into the dark I flee!
where I might hide.
waiting for another night.
Did you hear?
Did you see?
Do you flee?
Or is that your hand I find near mine?
In the dark! Dwellers in the night!
Beware we bite!

Similodon

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Quote of the moment:

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